

# The Saturday Evening Post.

VOL. V.—No. 9.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 2, 1826.

Whole No. 240.

TERMS—\$5 00 per annum, payable in advance.  
\$3 00 if not paid within the year, and  
\$1 25 (in advance) for six months.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, back of No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second, North side.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square,  
inserted the first time for \$1—larger ones for  
proportion—a liberal deduction made on subsequent insertions.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SONG.

O leave the gay palace and come to my cot,  
It rests on the brow of the lake;  
The clear of rivulets water the spot,  
And are all in the urn of the lake;  
The ring-dove is heard in the orange-tree grove,  
And the suppliant reclines in the vale,  
The milk-maid sings sweetly a ditty of love,  
And the lambskins skip over the dale.

When the morning appears on the far distant hill,  
And the golden suns elope in the low sky,  
And the Zephyr's light rattle flows over the rill,  
We'll spring from our pallet of flowers—  
We'll wash in the crystal dews of the grove,  
And paddle our skiff over the lake—  
O leave the gay palace and come to my cot,  
It rests on the brow of the lake. — JERVIS.

### TO ELLEN.

No Eden dear, not Elysium's frown,  
Nor all that Malice can invent,  
Shall ever make my soul disown,  
Thy friendship, or its charms repent.

Believe me, love, its bliss, its vain,  
To think I deem thee insignificant,  
Thy gentle heart I could not pain,  
Or have thee shed one precious tear.

For Oh! 'tis sweet to feel there's one  
On whom I can with truth rely,  
To rest my cheerless breast upon,  
And falsehood's basest power defy.

Dear not sweet sister, Mary's love,  
Shall never fill thy injured heart;  
Time shall its fondest feelings prove,  
And sweetest confidence impart.

I am not one, when sorrow's gloom  
Overshades the prospect of thy days,  
And fortune ceases to illumine  
Thy life with joy's two transient rays.

To turn a cold unheeding eye,  
Upon thy uncomplaining form,  
Or friendship's forest claims deny,  
To make more dark Fate's low ring storm.

Despair not then that fond of song,  
For ever shall thou find in me,  
A friend who'll cease not to prolong  
The dearest of constancy. — MARY.

### TO MISS MARY P. A.

The playful smile thy lips do dip  
Her breast where flows the gentle tide,  
With cautious bill the stream she sips,  
Which may a deadly plant may hide—  
In wanton gambols she will sport,  
While summer winds her presence court.

May thou dear maid as angel prove,  
As cautious rest thy breast on man,  
As careful sip the cup of love,  
Till thou thy officer's fading seal—  
Then shouldst thou summer breezes cease,  
You'll find his love will not decrease. — OLIVERA.

There was a being, beautiful and bright  
As the first beams of morning in the sky—  
Gay as the lark that sings his matin lays  
In the mid-heaven, blest by her, the spring time  
Of her life—no thought of care  
Had cast a shadow yet on her fair brow—  
No sorrow dimmed the brilliance of her eye—  
But sweetest dreams of bliss, it up  
Her hopes unclouded sun, and touched her spirit  
With their golden hue, and made each seem to her  
Pure as that Eden which the Maker blest.

Many, very many came,  
To offer incense at fair Beauty's shrine;  
But she looked on them as the sun on flowers,  
Smiled, and departed. Yet, all unconscious  
Of her beauty, her love for one girl's strength  
With every hour, and he was as the light of life to her.  
Companions they had been in youth's green paths—  
Together gathered flowers, on the "bright hills  
Of young existence," and shared the same pure  
Fragrance of his airy yet securely knew the link  
Of fond affection, had so closely bound  
Their souls in that firm chain, which death alone  
His power to sever. The thought that why  
He could flash deeper, when the heart his name—  
For eye grew brighter, when it gazed on him,  
And smiles that the gradus of his heart  
Brightened her face, his smile was the clouds—  
Nor was he least to see, and feel the happiness  
She thus conferred on him.

Thus years passed on, and  
That he should be her heart's partner,  
And share with her life's future sorrows, or its present  
joys—  
But human happiness is like the flower  
That blossoms, and ere its fragrance away.

She heard it whispered that the youth grew fad  
Of midnight revels, and the "floating bowl"  
Tatooed, with lateful influence, had him  
For his friends, and with a siren's art enamored  
His soul. The tidings came upon her, like the deadly  
dew of a southern clime, and blasted every hope.

They met once more—she told him of her fears,  
And he was not as far from home, to hide  
His cross from the only heart he loved—  
Conscience some fatal truth he told her—  
That faded cheek, and pale lips, and a woe-stricken  
That fearful type, he could not wear to meet.

I go, said he, to seek a foreign land,  
And I return not to my native home,  
I'll return, by post, the next year,  
But still I'll be a stranger, thou art the star  
Shall light my exile here, and the reward  
For every future pain—I will not thy forgiveness  
Ever forget. Thy faithfulness I know—farewell,  
And adieu in thy purpose of return—  
Ever last to leave me now, and I will pray  
For strength, to bear up, through our lonely paths,  
With steps unshaking from the shores there spread  
(I cannot change—my love is thus forever)  
I promise you I shall be the God of heaven.

And solitary was her lot indeed, so long  
Had she been waiting in the social path  
Of happiness, embraced by kindred minds  
And feelings flowing like the unobscured waters  
That seem to flow from the God of heaven.

But, she bore her grief in silence  
And moved with the gay, as tho' no change  
Had found her placid breast—save that the rose  
Forer to bloom upon her cheek, nor left  
A trace of its existence—and her step  
No more was lightest in the festive dance.  
She sang, but there was no mirth in her voice—  
With every note of harmony she breathed—  
Not the wild strains of gaiety and mirth  
She formerly loved best to waft at her will!

On summer eve, while in her father's hall,  
Sounded the music of her gentle voice—  
And the gay crowd in her beauty and grace,  
Listened in silence to her heavenly notes—  
A strange note in a foreign garb,  
Unseen by her, but noticed by the rest.  
He placed his finger on his lips, and then  
To silence till the song had ceased. None knew,  
Tho' each enquired from whence he came,  
He mingled in their mirth—but not the sight  
Kept his heart, and his spirit soared  
But all at rest—Thoughts of the past  
Came over the maiden, and her eye grew sad—  
The stranger watched her varying countenance,  
And found that the parting of the general joy  
As she stood alone, unheeded and unloved  
Gazing upon the sunny formant.

When some watched his departure, to the maiden's side  
He stole, and saw the trace of tears upon her snowy hand,  
And whispering softly, "I've redeemed the time,"  
Kissed from that hand those wet tales of her love!

She looked upon him with bewilderment,  
Doubting the truth of this unpaired for him!  
And can it be! that thou I clasp thy hand  
And hear the tidings of such perfect joy!

When I had lost the last faint sparks of hope!  
Yes—yes—thou art returned! Heaven had to doom  
Me welcome to me than this hour has given!

My own—my long lost love! I cannot spare  
The gratitude! Long years ago I proved  
Its reality—and faithfulness—its  
Be the first to tell of a love unchanged!

This moment well repays past years of sorrow,  
And I fear no more misfortune, since  
Thy love is mine! Thus happily united  
They returned, to the light-hearted,  
And could join with them in all their glee—  
No conscious smiles, thwarted by a mental  
Grief—but those that beam from a glad  
Spirit, shedding joys on all! — ROSA.

## A PERSIAN LEGEND.

"Let me not stir, nor breathe, lest I displease  
That lovely, lovely form of painless  
So like a dream, 'tis in the air, it floats,  
Till caught it's gone, and grasp it's shadow."

In the course of my travels through the  
western part of Asia, I had occasion to make  
some stay at the city of Ispahan, the ancient  
capital of Persia, and having been long ac-  
quainted with an English resident there, ac-  
cepted his pressing invitation to make his  
house my quarters while I remained at that  
place. The business which brought me there  
having been transacted, I found leisure to  
make excursions through the city and sur-  
rounding country, with my friend, who spared  
nothing to render my situation agreeable, or to  
afford me instruction and amusement. In  
one of these peregrinations, we accidentally  
came across an old mutilated building which  
appeared to have been uninhabited for cen-  
turies. Prompted by curiosity, we entered its  
shattered gate, and were soon amidst the ru-  
ins—long rows of cells were ranged through-  
out different parts of it, and from the peculiar  
disposition of its apartments we were not  
long in ascertaining that the structure had  
been designed for a place of punishment.

There was an appearance of antiquity through-  
out it, and, in ages past, been the engine  
of despotism, within whose walls,  
those unhappy persons who were most ob-  
noxious to tyranny, were immured. Whilst  
employed in inspecting the cells of this dreary  
prison, we descried an old man offering us  
after a friendly salutation, he approached to  
conduct us to his house, where, having arrived,  
he treated us with great hospitality.

We observed upon the sides, various instruments  
hung up, which we were told had been taken  
from the ruins of the prison. The host per-  
ceiving our curiosity, brought us a manuscript,  
which also came from thence, the contents  
of which were not obliterated by the hand of Time,  
and the only part which was legible, was near  
the conclusion. This, with the aid of my  
friend, I transcribed; it was the history of a  
man who had been placed there, and proba-  
bly to pass away the tedious hours, employed  
himself in this manner. That part of it which  
I obtained ran as follows:—

"I was slowly pursuing my way amongst  
the rugged hills eastward of Ispahan, con-  
templating the azure vault of heaven, desti-  
tute of clouds, on which to rest the weary  
eye with the feelings of a traveller, who,  
having passed through innumerable dangers  
and toils, at last arrives from a successful ex-  
pedition, safe within sight of his dear native  
home, and experiences a foretaste of return-  
ing joys, in beholding his loved mansion, the  
scene of his youthful pleasures, and the abode  
of his most near and dear friends, rearing its  
head proudly above the horizon, who, in imagi-  
nation already feels the parental embraces  
of his beloved inmates, and the affectionate  
congratulations of his kinsmen. The landscape  
on all sides was familiar to me; I recollected  
perfectly when we years before, I had start-  
led on the same scene, at the instance of my  
friends, to traverse through various nations,  
and trade to distant climes in quest of fortune.

My anxiety then to set out was great, but it  
was not unaccompanied with regret, I wished  
to see the world, to view the most stupendous  
and singular works of Nature, and to gain a  
knowledge of the different characters and  
customs of Nations. My ardent fancy painted  
the journey as a tissue of pleasures and  
amusements, during which I would have  
nothing to do but to gratify painful curiosity.

Yet it was with a painful feeling that I  
thought of leaving home, with my relations  
I was sorrowful, but with another whose  
claim laid nearest to my heart, it was exqui-  
sitely so. How well do I remember when  
the evening before my departure I met my  
beloved Edra, in her father's garden. With  
what melting tenderness she begged me to  
desist from my intended journey; her dark  
blue eyes were suffused with tears, and re-  
flected a faithful image of the agony of her  
soul, a last look was there taken of what on  
earth I held most dear. Her image had con-  
stantly occupied my thoughts amidst the  
diverted scenes I passed through; her form  
floated upon my mind, whether en-  
gaged in my commercial affairs, or seeking  
pleasure amongst the sons of merriment. I  
have seen those who were considered most  
beautiful yet they were shadows to Edra;  
their forms were loaded with jewels, their  
dresses the most costly that could be imagin-  
ed; they had been taught the graces of their  
sex, and the most refined allurement of the  
age; yet a single smile from her was worth  
more, in my eye, than a thousand blandish-  
ments of theirs; her graceful form, when sim-

ply attired in her flowing robes, far outshone  
the blaze of diamonds, beneath which they  
moved. How great then was my joy, how  
exalted my delight, to find myself once more  
amongst my native hills. I prepared to my  
imagination my princely habitation, my wife,  
and a future offspring lovely as herself. My  
expedition had been an extremely fortunate  
one, and I was returning laden with wealth,  
with the pleasing expectation of making her,  
whose love was necessary to my existence,  
happy. These were my reflections as the  
golden spires and tall minarets of Ispahan  
broke upon my sight; it was to me as a dawn  
upon Paradise. The sun was elevated far  
above the horizon, and cast a light which was  
reflected with dazzling brilliancy from the  
roofs of the Mosques, and the dwellings in the  
city. I was soon amidst the din and bustle of  
the merchants, and though much changed,  
began to recognize several scenes of my  
youth; with eager hopes I pushed through  
the street where my parents lived, till I arrived  
at the long wished for spot, and in the  
twinkling of an eye stood in the halls where  
my infancy had been nurtured, but it was de-  
serted; I ran through every apartment of the  
house, but not a soul was in it. Astonished  
at this, I retraced my steps, mounted my  
steed and sought the habitation of Edra. On  
my way thither, I overtook a cavalier com-  
posed of a large number of citizens, and at  
the head of it, was placed a chariot drawn by  
milk white horses; anxious to get on I en-  
deavored to pass the crowd, but it was im-  
possible, and my horse quietly following the  
multitude, I abandoned the reins, and gave  
myself up to pleasing meditations. I would  
not at that moment have exchanged situations  
with the greatest potentate upon earth; I  
was at peace with all the world, the busy  
crowd around me seemed like beings of an  
inferior grade; the anxiety depicted in their  
countenances, the bustle and confusion ac-  
companied by their vociferous, was at that mo-  
ment, entirely foreign to my mind. Love,  
the most pure and disinterested, took entire  
possession of my soul; my faculties were  
wrapped up in its contemplation. This delicious  
reverie continued, until I was aroused from it  
by the stopping of my horse, and on looking  
round, discovered that the procession had also  
halted. Profiting by this, I spurred on, until  
I reached the foremost part of the cavalcade.

The house which once held all I loved, stood  
before me; a thrilling sensation ran like fire  
through my veins. The chariot had already  
arrived opposite the door, and ere I had time  
to alight from my horse, I discovered Edra  
sitting in it by the side of my younger brother.  
My feelings were too powerful to be con-  
trolled, and she was instantly locked in my arms;  
but oh! how altered! the rose on her cheek  
had been exchanged for the lily, and that  
beautiful eye which had beamed such celestial  
light, was deep sunk in its socket; her  
once animated countenance was strongly  
marked by grief. With what rapture I pressed  
her to my heart; with what ecstasy did I  
hug her her lovely image. Yet those mo-  
ments of bliss were doomed to be short; I  
discovered a lifeless corpse. My father first  
aroused me, by informing me that she was a  
bride; had a flash of lightning severed my  
body at the moment, it could have been far  
more welcome than this intelligence. "Who,"  
cried I, "has dared to cross my hopes? Let  
him appear, and though a legion guarded  
him he shall meet the punishment he de-  
serves." A single look of my brother was  
sufficient; the covering villain stood aghast  
and horror-struck on beholding me. His con-  
science accused him, and his cowardly heart  
refused to bear him up in this extremity—  
Rage took possession of my soul, in a moment  
my bright yagran gleamed in the air, and in  
the next, his guilty soul took wing, to appear  
with its load of crimes, before the impartial  
bar of Heaven. What passed after this I do  
not know, but have been told that others ac-  
companied the unhappy bride and guilty  
bridegroom to another world sent by him  
mercy forbid that my father should be  
of the number thus deprived of life by an in-  
furiated man.

When I recovered from my swoon, I found  
myself immured within the walls of a dungeon;  
my limbs and body felt the galling weight of  
the ignominious fetters which enclosed them.  
Eternal Prophet! what a change! I who a  
few hours ago was exulting in the prospect of  
future bliss, spread in front of me the  
eternity of woe. I was the most fortunate and happy  
of mortals, in most afflictive circumstances, on  
the eve of clasping a beloved maid in my  
longing arms, was by the machinations of a  
villain in a brother's form, cast from the very  
summit of felicity, from the pinnacle of hap-  
piness, to the lowest depth of misery and suf-  
fering. From the inmost recesses of a dun-  
geon, where the heart is softened down by  
repentance and remorse, I look back upon  
the past actions of my life. I have sailed  
smoothly along the current of Time with an  
equable and uniform motion; when a frail  
barrel of weaker material than my own,  
or exposed to more vicissitudes, has bent, be-  
neath the weight of affliction, my hand has  
not been withheld. My career furnished but  
few incidents for narration, or crimes for re-  
morse; reason has guided me through many  
whirlpools where others have sunk. My love  
for Edra was founded on the most pure and  
disinterested motives; it was a union of two  
kindred souls, formed by nature for each  
other; a congeniality of disposition from our  
first acquaintance knit the bands of friend-  
ship firm, which, fanned by aspiring aspi-  
rations, grew to the full maturity of love;  
it was love truly formed in heaven. Allied  
closely to the charming girl, I left my home  
to seek for fortune; she looked kindly upon  
me, and I returned bringing the product of  
my industry, my wealth, to lay it at her  
feet. But to find her on the scaffold, my  
will was sacrificed by the artifices of a villain,  
more than I could bear. My frantic despera-  
tion drove me to the commission of a dreadful  
crime, and made me a friar. I have im-  
mured my hands in a brother's blood; but that  
brother had acted the part of a murderer to  
me; though dead, his man will condemn the act yet  
his conscience does not weigh heavily upon  
me, and I hope ere long to stand acquitted  
in the sight of Edra, of my fellow mortals,  
and of that great Being who judges the deed  
by the previous intention and motive, and  
whose fiat will be pronounced with the strict-  
est and most perfect justice."

More had been added to the manuscript,  
but it was impossible to decipher it. We  
have only enough to show the cause which  
brought this miserable being to a dungeon,  
where, no doubt, he terminated his existence,  
and we can only hope, with him, that he will  
finally be acquitted in the sight of Edra, and  
his Maker. — ORASMYN.

## THE MORALIST.

### SATURDAY EVENING.

The past week is fled, and the evening is come  
That precedes the Sabbath rest;  
Like the days of the week, now parted and gone,  
Like the sun that descends to the west.

Like a voice from the grave, bidding mortals beware  
Of the waste of the hours as they fly;  
Time silently warns us to watch and prepare  
For the moment that calls us to die.

Each year, and each month, and each day like a friend  
In the language of wisdom convey  
Some type of the shadow of death that attend  
On the steps of the aged and gray.

Oh! who can think of the week that is gone,  
That precedes the Sabbath rest,  
And not call to mind the repose of the tomb,  
As he sees the sun set in the west?

### RELIGION IN WOMAN.

As in man, is not only of the operation of  
God, but the result of reflection, comparison  
and choice, and consists in a cheerful and  
happy renunciation of all the heart holds dear,  
for Jesus Christ, and of every opposing in-  
terest for his kingdom and glory—and this is  
his distinguished excellence. The fear of  
God, and the love of Jesus Christ, control her  
domestic virtues; let the humility, patience,  
faith, hope, charity, and resignation, of the  
gospel, become, and sweeten and govern  
her conduct and how lovely is such a woman!

It has frequently been remarked, that pious  
women are not only more numerous, but more  
pious, than pious men. How infinitely supe-  
rior are her charms to all the fascinations of  
beauty, all the splendor of external accom-  
plishment, and all the delicious joys of giddy  
dissipation! How invaluable does such a  
woman appear, adorned and dignified, not  
only by all that earth can give, but decked in  
the robes of that piety and loveliness which  
earth can neither give nor take away.

### AFFECTUOUS PREACHING.

"A preacher ought to speak to his audien-  
ce, as a father would talk to his children,  
with an affectionate tenderness. In the most  
awful denunciations of the divine displeasure,  
an air of unaffected meekness should be pre-  
served, that while, with unsparring fidelity, we  
declare the whole counsel of God, it may ap-  
pear we are actuated by a genuine spirit of  
compassion. A hard and unfeeling manner of  
denouncing the threatenings of the word of  
God, is not only barbarous and inhuman, but  
calculated, by inspiring disgust, to rob them  
of all their efficacy. If the awful part of our  
message, which may be styled the burden of  
the Lord, will be when it is delivered with a  
trembling hand and sobbing lips; and we may  
then expect them to realize its solemn import-  
ance, when they perceive that we ourselves  
are ready to sink under it."

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE FUNERAL.

The hier was at the door, and the people  
were collecting to pay the last tribute of re-  
spect to the remains of the once charming L.  
The time of length arrived for the procession  
to move, I followed, and gradually approach-  
ing the grave-yard my mind involuntarily re-  
flected upon the change that a few days had  
produced. The form I was then following to  
the tomb, I had looked upon but a short time  
since in all the brightness of youthful gay-  
ety and beautiful vigor, and beheld her counte-  
nance beaming with expression—she was the  
admiration of friends, they looked upon her  
with delight as one amiable and lovely, pos-  
sessing a mind cultivated, and refined, and full  
of affection and tenderness—but the music of  
that voice they had listened to with delight  
was now stopped in death—those delicate fin-  
gers that had produced the powerful effort of  
the piano, by their graceful touch, are now  
cold and stiff—that fatal disease, consumption,  
had snatched her from its prey, and in two short  
months had converted its once proud purpose,  
and waited in its progress all that was lovely  
and interesting—when feeble nature exhaust-  
ed and deprived of its remaining strength  
yielded to the destroyer.

Arrived at the grave-yard the grave  
was waiting to receive the corpse; the  
hier was gently placed on the ground, and  
the coffin lowered in the narrow space—the  
silence was interrupted only by bursts of grief  
from relatives and friends. At this moment  
my attention was directed to a youth, whose  
agonizing looks bespoke the intense feeling  
that had seized his soul, no tear was in his  
eye, but his countenance, but his despair  
and settled grief was depicted in every fea-  
ture, and as the coffin disappeared he sunk  
apparently lifeless on the earth—I enquired  
his name, it was her lover—his many com-  
plaints had lost every vestige of color and  
adequate paleness covered his face, he seemed  
insensible to every thing around, when, as  
if starting from a dream, with a vacant and  
frenzied look, exclaimed, is she here? where?  
where? then recovering with a groan, and a  
look almost terrific, he again sunk to the earth  
and was carried from the ground. With feel-  
ings deeply excited, I followed away, and  
looking upward, had almost exclaimed, O hea-  
ven, where art thou? why permit this? why  
permit that our nature possess to entertain around  
the heart? why permit us to enjoy the society  
of those we love until the chords of our feel-  
ings are linked together as in one, and I made  
the joy of our very existence? why is it when  
this wreath of life is severed together, the cold  
hand of death, disregarding all, tears  
asunder every tie and prostrates every hope?

It is the will of heaven, and who should  
murmure that strong hand of Providence  
knows when to afflict, though we cannot see  
into its mysterious ways. Friends may weep  
over the grave of the youthful L. and lament  
her early departure—hence, the cold clod  
which now covers her body, may be the result  
of the general warmth of spring, will give nourish-  
ment to the grass and the flowers that circle  
her tomb, but her happy spirit made pure  
by a Saviour's blood, or removed from earth  
by scenes, will join the heavenly host in the  
general song. — WALTER.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## VISIONARY RAMBLE.

My eye, one evening at home, over a large  
fire, with an eternal look in my hand, and  
it was, for it had neither beginning nor end—  
I had just concluded nothing over the last  
chapter, when, as usual, I stumbled into a  
re-very—my first thoughts turned with con-  
gratulations, and eulogies on my estimable self,  
who, as I thought, was as gallant a young  
man as any in Christendom, since I had out-  
witted in gallantry several rival gentlemen of  
talents and respectability, who paid their ad-  
dresses to that Paragon of all perfection, *Hul-  
dina Del Bombasta*, who, were it not for some

silver arguments and golden recommenda-  
tions, might

Waste her fragrance in the desert air.

These humble reflections carried my mind  
to the fair one, and left me arched in profound  
oblivion, in the adorable presence of the  
girl Pili. When I recovered my vision I be-  
held her shrivelled face mantled with so many  
alternate colors, that the shrouding arch was a  
flood to it—"Most celestial of terrestrial crea-  
tures," said I, and the red puddle of her blood  
suffused the yellow parchment of her cheeks  
so deeply, that they might have stood in com-  
petition with the irregular promontory of  
bronze that jutted out between them, then  
grinning a smile and seizing me by the but-  
ton, "Zenith of Perfection," cried she, with  
a sapient smile, then wheeling her grey eye  
balls towards heaven, "O celestial heaven! O  
terrestrial earth!" "Hark, hark! then, thou  
paragon of loveliness!" interrupted I, swell-  
ing my cheeks with a dutch cherub's hiatus,  
"thy apostrophe is too charming for sense to  
bear!" Thus sniggering, nodding, and grinning,  
we waddled our weary way into the parlour,  
kitchen, and bed chamber, for they were all  
epitomized into one apartment. On entering  
the room I beheld to my great surprise and  
indignation, the brassy visage of a *skin and  
bone* rival, who, as I thought, had been dub-  
bled knight of the hempen collar, for the val-  
iant knight of the hempen collar, at the siege of a  
pig-stye in Wales. "Gowquills cannot do  
my feelings on seeing a scape gallowas  
competitor, who had a prior claim to my  
Alorata's affections, but the gentle reader  
may, without error, consider me on the point  
of the hysterics."

My rival, whom a profound naturalist might  
have mistaken for a large species of Lizard,  
in the consumption, or the dried skeleton of  
an African *Net*, sat with his chin pillowed on  
a cane, screwing, contracting, and expanding  
his ugly hole, which it were base flattery to  
call a mouth—a country growl, seen  
through a bank of reddish earth, as his teeth  
so intimately resembled an irregular mass of  
fomestones, after contorting a significant sneer  
at my wondering self, he was soon deliv-  
ering the following words: "Boy, did I enter-  
tain the slightest shade of suspicion, that you  
came here to offer your odious incense at the  
shrine of my intended, I would greet you  
with a *wooden salutation*—then bust his  
mighty soul—he resumed his stool, for chairs  
there were none, and grinned triumph at Dul-  
cinea."

After arranging all the preliminaries of an-  
ger, such as knitting my brows, and flushing  
the electric spark of vengeance from my eyes,  
my voice broke forth in these terms, "Thou  
dried meat's tongue; thou butcher of common  
sense; thou bloodless, headless, brainless out-  
line of a starved greyhound; thou empty,  
vain, timid, bombastic, flimsy, cobweb, paltry,  
brazen, dilapidated, infamous rascalion;  
thou atom!"—*Atom* was scarce out of my  
mouth, when my antagonist, leaping from his  
seat like a starved camelion, grasped the cane,  
that, tied in thickness with his leg, and vociferated:  
"A hog of a son!"

Saying a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hurt me, but so sweet was my fall, that,  
that, as I leaped back to evade the blow, I  
struck my head against the chair in which I  
was dreaming, and was near tumbling into the  
fire; and instead of pressing the paw of my  
Lady Del Bombasta, I found myself carac-  
ing my old battered volume. — JAQUE.

## THE MISCELLANIST.

### COMFORTS OF THE SEASON.

#### A Parody on the *Miseries of Winter*.

Comfort 1st. 'Tis a clear moonlight, frost  
on the windows—without taking long to un-  
dress, spring into a down bed, between a pair  
of clean cold sheets, the exercise of the day  
having circulated your blood, you soon be-  
come warm, and having nothing wherewith  
to reproach yourself, sink into a peaceful  
slumber.

2d. Awake with the first beams of the sun,  
playing on the dazzling frost of the windows—  
jump up, dress hastily but with care, catch a  
glimpse of your self in the glass, ruddy from  
the effects of cold water and a dry towel,  
your eyes brightened by the sweet repose of  
the night—enter the breakfast parlour, plea-  
santly warmed by a stove—meet the ladies of  
the family in dark bombazets, and clean  
white ruffles; the coffee excellent, molasses  
hot—listen with interest to your sister's ac-  
count of the gratitude of the little boy to  
whom she gave the suit of clothes she was  
making last week, and the pleasure she felt  
visiting the children's church, in Cherry street.

3d. Walk out in boots made to fit your  
feet—the pavements are covered with ice—  
observe an old gentleman much embarrassed  
at the foot ways—offer your arm with kind-  
ness, and conduct him to his lodgings in  
safety—hurry to the counting-house—are in-  
formed you must see a person who lives six  
miles from town, gallop out—transfer your  
business—get home in time to dress, glowing  
with the charming warmth produced by ex-  
ercise in a pure atmosphere—find the addition  
of one or two agreeable persons at table—talk  
of your ride, your ideas of travel, cats, &c.  
an animated dispute takes place about inter-  
nal improvement—some new ideas started,  
and you are requested to write a paper on  
the subject.

4th. Read Cicero's Letters aloud to your  
sisters, charmed with their remarks—told 'tis  
time to dress for the evening party, (not in  
corsets) enter the room—what beauty! what  
elegance! converse with a lady remarkable for  
the neat simplicity of her dress—she is well  
bred without affectation—well informed with-  
out vanity—she is a stranger in the city—  
praises the politeness of the young gentlemen  
—says her "Pa" was walking out this morning,  
but could not get over the ice, had it not been  
for the kindness of a young gentleman to  
whom he was entirely unknown—delightful  
evening—party breaks up too soon.

### WHISKERS AND BEARD.

The Tartars declared the Persians infidels,  
and waged a long war with them, because  
they would not cut off their whiskers. It is  
now infamous in Turkey to lose the beard  
than to be publicly whipped. To touch an-  
other's beard, or to cut off a little, was a token  
of love and protection among the first French,  
and all letters which came from the King had  
three hairs of his beard in the seal—in the  
reign of Catherine, Queen of Portugal, the  
brave John de Castro took the castle of Dio, in  
India. He borrowed from the inhabitants of  
Goa 1000 pistoles, as a security for which, he  
sent them one of his whiskers. The Turks, when  
they touch their beards, gather the loose hairs,  
fold them in paper, and bury them where  
they bury their dead. Amongst the Romans  
the beard was a mark of wisdom, and a learned  
man, who appeared to a public meeting, could not

not possess it on account of being foolishness.

The Turks shave the head, but let the beard  
grow. The Negroes shave their heads, and  
grow a beard at one time in stars, at another, like  
the Friars, and still more commonly in alter-  
nate stripes. The Talapans of Peru, shave  
the heads and the eyebrows of such children  
as are committed to their care. The kings of  
Persia, and some of the early kings of France,  
had their beards knotted and buttoned with  
gold. The Americans pluck the beard up by  
the roots, so that they have been thought to  
have no beard—a mistake which Linnaeus has  
fallen into. A beard was esteemed formerly  
in France as a badge of liberty, as the peo-  
ple were not a little proud of wearing it long  
and of curling it to render it ornamental. The  
monks and friars, who affected to despise the  
little vanities of the world, took it in their  
heads to shave their beards; and the then  
Bishop of Hoven, taking it extremely ill that  
the lady did not follow so pious an example,  
began to preach about beards in the pulpit;  
and by degrees worked himself to so high a  
pitch of opposition, that he excommunicated  
all those of his diocese who would not consent  
to be shaved. Hereupon the bigots, indeed,  
soon permitted themselves to be trimmed; but  
the more worldly-minded, accustomed to find  
the idea of privilege to their own ornaments,  
reverted their liberties and their properties at  
stake, and like true patriots, went to their chin.  
The communion grew so general, and its con-  
sequences so dangerous that Louis VII. found  
himself necessitated to take part with the  
clergy, and have his own beard taken off, to  
bring smooth chin into fashion at court, and  
by that means to overcome the prejudices of  
the populace.

The following humorous anecdote is taken



6. M'C  
his ow  
been g  
ous sla  
Weave  
ened  
that li  
lenity

We  
cantile  
cluded  
ment

cluded  
ment  
on the  
minist  
stated  
princi  
by bo

The  
Biddle  
of Up  
ly dre  
Pittm  
the tw

they were pocketed in place of being cleaned, strengthened, precipitated, washed.

The last was on the near surface.

of his  
black  
neck  
black  
his fa  
give

The  
tween  
the P  
which  
be wi  
States  
author

2449  
35241

27,237  
 35,100  
 Liberties  
 r, 1825  
 L.  
 Total  
 299  
 227  
 363

291	recei
287	differ
339	early
550	zilian
374	left o
515	woun
249	lieute
284	taken
298	terwa
	war
3812	tos G
New	troop
it has	than
e thou	into

are in-  
ive co-  
city of  
545, of  
5 died  
and Ter-  
of the  
al trials  
ation.—  
tments  
erwant

tioned in the sup-  
arrived  
mons, in  
to Elk-  
ington:

cenes,  
 gul con-  
 d before  
 hat the  
 him in  
 use with  
 charged  
 de mand-  
 assault  
 his im-  
 n against  
 false im-  
 were in  
 he affair

tables of  
office, and  
n of An-  
convict,  
jail than  
nitentia-  
Birmingham  
he became  
suits and  
o return  
e success

Legis  
Gove  
both  
prev  
prova  
and N  
atten  
sect  
Mine

shall have  
Latin; the  
phon, in  
arithmetical,  
of Geo  
fourteen

to the  
May  
more  
times  
of the

the New-  
to the s-  
s. There  
and the  
m. \$30

W.  
Hand-  
Ches-  
called  
about

Ed do.	20	20
Tale,	50	50
do.	50	50



grange may be considered as "as delivered" by the most expert speaker. For particulars inquire as above, or at North Ninth street.

Mr. G. continues to report arduous trials and speeches of very description, of which he has the most great success; and also the 24th question of his sheet is for publication of his work.







Great Britain and other the 2nd quarter of the 19th century  
for publication price to be made. 1840



